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I have pictures of Adam. I took the first two in October of 2003, exactly a year before it happened. They show him in his summer attire: a shirt over a T-shirt, short pants, "Adidas" running shoes, white gym socks. By co-incidence that was the last time Adam wore shorts that year. The weather turned cold the very next day and stayed cold till spring.

In the first of these two pictures Adam posed for me. He picked up his “Roots” bag and the bin that he used to carry groceries when he went shopping. I suppose he wanted me to photograph him with things that went with the job. The “Roots” bag and the shopping bin were as emblematic of his job as the plumber's snake was of mine. I thought the latter should be on my coat of arms, if I ever got one. I was always carrying it upstairs to unplug the tenants' toilets. Adam used to follow me in case I needed his experienced help. He'd watch as I attacked the load of reeking shit. He once observed that everyone's smelled the same. Only theirs was worse because of all the meds. Now he stood sideways, in front of the door. He raised the arm that wasn't holding anything and waved his hand as if he were lecturing someone. I shot him.

In the second picture he faces the camera. He faces me. His expression is friendly. He’s thanking me for three packs of